

**To My
Brothers in Black
and Other Poems**



By
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VERBODEN
TEKORTKOMING

TO MY BROTHERS IN BLACK.

They say ye are the weaker race,
Are born to serve, and limits fixed;
Must guide your acts, must keep your place
'Mid all the walks and interest mixed;
Where'er it be, in Church or State,
Your place is fixed by law of Fate.

They say ye are a shiftless race,
Content with what ye have to-day,
Devoid of worth and noble grace,
Inclined to ease and cheap display,
Unknown to wealth, unknown to fame—
A blot upon the Nation's name.

They say this is the white man's land;
For he has killed the red man off,
Has held you long with iron hand.
And still decries with laugh and scoff,
Is moved by scorn and keen contempt
At every effort ye attempt.

But ye are here and here must stay;
They who would send you o'er the sea
Are at a loss to find the way.

What may the end and conflict be,
The trend, the life in coming years
Is shrouded now in doubts and fears.

O land the gift of God to man,
Without regard to race or creed,
A boon divine, a gracious plan—
Not made for strife or sordid greed—
Conceived, prepared in ages past
To bless mankind while time shall last.

The two great oceans wash thy shore,
Thy sway extends to distant seas,
Thy prowess known the wide world o'er;
Thy boasted law and just decrees
Proclaimed afar, remotest place,
In every clime, for every race.

Here countless streams sweep o'er the plain,
And mountains richly packed with ores;
Here boundless fields for golden grain,
Where Nature many blessings pours—
Thy varied clime and fertile soil
Afford a hope for all who toil.

Oh, hapless race! For ten-score years
Ye felt the sting of every ill,
Whose lingering pain, unsoothed by tears,
With subtle force affect you still,
Is oft a cause that leads to crime,
Is deepest pang bequeathed to time.

In time remote, 'mid wild domains,
Before this Nation had its birth,
They brought you here in iron chains,
With pride of manhood crushed to earth,
To bear the galling yoke of slave
Till ye were hurried to the grave.

What dreary waste before you lay!
A stretch of woods from sea to sea
Must now be razed and cleared away,
Replaced by field and spreading lea,
With countless herds upon the hills,
'Mid ceaseless din of shop and mills.

Your labor spread through many States,
Beneath its stroke the forest bowed
With ceaseless crash of varying weights;
The woodland then ye rudely plowed,
And cotton-fields did soon adorn
A landscape decked with fields of corn.

The rugged hills and valleys low,
With quaking bogs and jungle woods,
Ye made to grow, like reeves of snow,
With cotton crops for woven goods,
And thus supplied with weary hand
The cotton-mills in every land.

If labor be the spring of worth
That cause the stream of wealth to swell,
Sure ye, amid the threats and wrath,
Have justly earned a place to dwell
In this fair clime where ye were born,
In spite of taunts, of scoff and scorn.

The world will never know the pain,
The toil, the cries, and bitter tears
That ye endured for others' gain,
Increased as passed the dreary years,
Till all was plunged in blood and strife,
Which threatened then the Nation's life.

Like worn-out steed turned loose to die
The needed morsel still implores,
With halting step, with languid eye,
And wounds that bled from countless pores,
Were gray-haired men in feeble age
Released amid the maddened rage.

And sturdy youth, like raw recruits,
Unused to war or battle-cry,
Were suddenly flung in strange pursuits,
Where friends desert and fortunes fly;
Where fairest prospects linked with frauds,
With added weight of countless odds.

Ye nothing had but brawny arms;
The blight of war stalked o'er the land;
The master held his wasted farms—
Refused to lend a helping hand,
Till mutual need on either side
Subdued the haughty sense of pride.

What ye achieved on battle-field
With steady charge 'mid shot and shell,
With courage bold that would not yield,
While comrades all around you fell,
Till ye had placed your banner high,
The meanest foe will not deny.

In trying times of the Nation's life,
Although despised and yet a slave,
When suddenly thrown in thickest strife,
Your precious blood ye freely gave;
Ye dared to die in front advance,
Imbued with hope of equal chance.

But still the social test remains;
A dreary task must now be done
Where conflict of interest forever reigns,
Where final prize must yet be won—
'Mid ceaseless din of social strife
In all the varied walks of life.

And will ye act the manly part--
Forego the ease, assume the load,
With steady hand and willing heart
Seize every chance events afford,
Till ye have taught the world to see
Ye aim to reach a high degree?

Will you bemoan your future lot,
Allow the time to pass in vain,
The hopes of friends to come to naught,
Forever live in want and pain?
Not so, I ween. Take courage, then
Your future task perform like men.

Here countless foes around you lie
With threatening grasp, like serpent's coil.
Ye need the tact, the watchful eye,
A burning zeal and patient toil;
Ye need the will and purpose true
To bear your burden bravely through.

Take timely heed to duty's call;
Rely on self, and work and wait;
Prepare to meet what e'er befall;
Defy the frowns, the dart of Fate;
Form frugal traits with vigorous health,
And fortify yourself with wealth.

HULDA GRAY.

A token found in Leland's book
Recalled events past years ago;
Recalled the dell and gentle brook,
The purling rill in murmur low,
Where Hulda Gray and Leland met
That autumn day in College Hall—
That day on her his heart was set,
His future hope, his fortune—all.

A mutual cord of tender ties
Entwined alike the heart of both,
And oft they passed with glancing eyes
Whose looks bespoke affection's growth.
Love softly touched the note of joy,
And autumn glowed with added charm;
In raptured strain without alloy •
It drowned the thought of threatening harm.

Alas! too soon, ere they had known,
Across their sky, like threatening cloud,
With lowering darkness thickly strown,
Was stubborn will of parents proud—
The parents' will 'gainst lovers' suit,
Which they had deemed to be unwise.
In time affairs became acute,
With stern demand, without disguise.

Now, Hulda Gray, a noble girl,
'Gainst parent-will ne'er had rebelled;
In all the rounds of social whirl
That will observed, obeyed, upheld;
But now she saw the way divide—
Saw Love and Duty stand apart;
Which course to choose, or how decide,
Tried every fiber of the heart.

Ah, those were pangs which could not last!
She soon resolved to end them all.
The struggle ceased, the die was cast;
She fondly clung to her own good hall.
But ere they bade the last adieu
They lightly touched the scenes of yore,
The past retraced in brief review—
One lingering glance, and all was o'er.

Each harkened then to Duty's call;
But moments came when severed ties
Called back afresh the stately hall
Adorned with hue of autumn's skies,
Seen from afar 'mid woody dell—
Refreshing source of keen delight—
Where mutual love in glances fell
So softly once before the sight.

TO A——.

To meet thee now in this strange place
Is my good fortune, noble friend;
Thy beaming smiles and happy face,
The lively cheer, thy glances lend,
The added source of new delight,
Dispel the gloom before the sight.

If nothing else will please me here,
Our meeting will in high degree;
When I no more thy voice shall hear,
Thy pleasant eye no more shall see,
It will be still a happy thought
To think of what this moment brought.

NO LIFE BUT MINE.

That autumn day when the sun went down
The surging throng of the busy town,
With anxious looks and hurrying feet,
Filled every mart and endless street.

At length the stir and bustle ceased,
And busy men from care released
Relaxed their weary limbs in sleep—
The balm for heavy hearts that weep.

When merry strain of giddy dance,
Like spirits sunk in sudden trance;
I dreamed I saw my door ajar
And empty dwellings from afar.

I nothing heard but chilly rain
That fell against my window-pane;
I lonely strolled through marble halls
Of richly decked and painted walls.

And open doors were everywhere;
Disclosed the goods beneath the glare,
Where countless maidens plied the hand,
And riches stored from every land.

But in those scenes of toil and care
I found not one to greet me there;
Not one was left to guard the wealth,
Nor none remained to seize by stealth.

And where, oh where the busy crowd
That thronged these streets with looks so proud,
Those silvery peals of maiden's voice
That bade the weary heart rejoice?

And where that pleasing glancing eye
That freed the breast from heavy sigh;
That happy flow of childish glee,
With thoughts so pure, from care so free?

I entered then a banking-room:
A lurid light broke through the gloom;
Disclosed a sight of wealth untold,
In mountain-piles of shining gold.

I vainly sought a single man
Where'er my heavy eye could scan;
My faithful dog I called in vain—
The last resort to soothe my pain.

He, too, refused to comfort me,
For naught remained to hear my plea;
Of dearest idol was bereft—
One lonely light and I were left.

While yet I moped and turned about
That feeble, flickering light went out.
Ah! woe and darkness now combine:
No sound, no light, no life but mine.

BACK TO SCENES OF MY CHILDHOOD.

Eternal mount! The same to-day
As when in eager childish gaze
I watched thee wrapped in tinted rays
Flung softly down in bright array.

I used to watch thy shadow fall
Across the pathway of the slave;
I used to trace in endless wave
Thy form portrayed upon the wall.

For forty years afar from thee,
When I recalled thy purple hue
Flung back against the vaulted blue,
Thy charm came back afresh to me.

What source of joy thy beauty gave!
Thy blended groves rolled up on high
So softly fell upon mine eye
I oft forgot I was a slave.

FORTY YEARS BRING ME BACK TO THEE.

Back again, O sparkling fountain,
Gushing from the lofty mountain;
Here I come with grateful feelings,
Thanking thee for former musings.

Thou art source of gentle river,
Softly flowing on forever;
Thou hast seen the end of thralldom;
Thou wilt bless a land of freedom.

Crystal fount, I now remember,
Turning from an angry master,
How I found in thy rich treasure
Source of ease, relief, and pleasure.

Now, returned in long years after,
Find thee pure and sweet as ever,
Singing strains of peace and gladness,
Soothing, quelling thoughts of sadness.

TO E——.

Ah! back to the scene where last we met,
Where last I saw pass down that street
Thy agile form and glancing feet,
That day of dread and deep regret.

Much anxious care hath marred thy brow,
Thy hair is deeply tinged with gray;
But former grace in calm array
Doth softly fall upon me now.

The mellow tones of thy sweet voice,
Enriched with charm through weary years,
Disperse the thought of rising fears,
And bid the heavy heart rejoice.

And thy bright eye with luster glows
Like radiant drops of sparkling dew,
Unchanged as stars that deck the blue
'Mid storm and every wind that blows.

Since last we met, what things befell,
What hurried thoughts unbidden came,
What sundry ways recalled thy name,
It is not well for me to tell.

VERA.

It was a warm and sultry day;
The master rode a dapple-gray,
His form erect, his bearing proud;
A hundred slaves before him bowed.
His looks grew fierce, were fiercely cast,
And angry words came thick and fast.
He sternly checked his champing steed
To strike the blow he had decreed,
When chanced he glanced at Vera's face—
Her quaking form and quickened pace,
The tearful eye of the timid maid
Showed painful sense of his upbraid.

The master suddenly turned about,
But left the slaves in fear and doubt;
None knew the cause that stayed the blow—
That stayed the burning tear to flow.
He bent his course to a shady grove,
And there alone he vainly strove,
But sadly failed that day, to find
A balm to soothe his troubled mind.

He sat beneath a spreading beech,
A crystal fount within his reach;
The zephyrs sang among the leaves,
The aspen played to the softest breeze;
The grove was full of bud and bloom;
Diffused the scene with rich perfume;
The purling brook, with busy bee,
Was endless source of mirth and glee.
But still his thoughts to Vera clung,
While countless birds around him sung.
The shades dispersed, the day was spent,
But not the end of this event.

The master, touched with tender thrill,
Returned to "Great House" on the hill;
Then looking down the endless row
Of little plots and huts below,
And gazing long from open door,
Was moved with yearnings more and more.
"I am lonely now," the master said;
"The hall resounds to softest tread,
And stillness reigns supremely here,
And feelings come akin to fear.
Not so the slaves in the cabin low;
There merry sounds and gladness flow.

"Ah! they are blessed with Vera's smile,
And her sweet voice so free from guile;
But, oh! the thought upsets my will,
Recalls the glance that haunts me still:
The eye suffused—the mystic tear—
The charm of every rising fear;
The magic sway of woman's eye,
Enhanced by every heaving sigh."
And thus the master sadly said,
And slowly made his way to bed.

While moon and stars still held the sway,
Ere dawn had spread her robe of gray,
The hoarse, deep notes of the foreman's horn
Aroused the slaves for coming morn.
From deep repose they slowly woke,
Renewed their task, assumed their yoke;
With hurried steps the foreman led;
They followed on with equal tread;
And Vera, 'mid the first advance,
Whose tender voice and pleasing glance
Made soft the pangs of weary years
Of toil and suffering mixed with tears—
Ah! had she known her future lot,
Her voice had faltered at the thought.

As Vera passed the "Great House" gate,
Still brooding o'er his lonely state,
With nervous twitch of hand and thumb,
The master beckoned her to come.
"You need not go to field to-day,
For I have something new to say:
Let nothing tinge your thoughts with dread;
I've chosen you," the master said,
"From other slaves to comfort me,
To give you wealth and make you free;
To make you queen of these great halls,
These richly decked and painted walls."
This Vera heard with dread and awe;
She rightly knew his will was law.

But happy changes came to all—
The young, the old, the weak, and small.
A milder hand the master swayed;
The keen and cruel lash was stayed,
And greater care to suffering gave,
For Vera ruled both master and slave.

THE MOB AND THE PRISONER.

“A prisoner now,” the marshal said,
No other word, no warrant read;
From piercing cries and maddened yell
He locked the prisoner in his cell.
Amazed, astounded, thus confined,
He strove to free his troubled mind.

“Alone in this dark cell I lie,
Confused, oppressed, and choked with sigh.
The mob is moving evermore,
Will battle down that iron door;
Ere I can draw a second breath
Will snatch me into the jaws of death.”

A hurrying sound of tramping steed,
Came rushing on with frantic speed;
Confusion dire besieged the wall,
And shocking strokes were heard to fall;
The door gave way, the prisoner found
Was quickly seized and rudely bound.

They hurried him away from town,
Across the fields now sere and brown,
O'er quaking bogs and swelling flood,
Within a deep and gloomy wood,
And here was stayed the madden ride,
And here the hangman's knot was tied,
And here they paused for hurried feast,
The prisoner left upon the beast.

And there he sat astride the horse,
His death decreed without remorse;
And there his doom the while to wait
The woeful end designed by Fate.
What shocking dread and piercing thought,
What cruel pangs that waiting wrought!

The mob to act the lion's part—
Deceptive sport the ruthless art
To deepen pain by long delay—
The common traits to beast of prey,
The bitter taunt, the flier, the gibe,
No tongue can tell nor pen describe.

Meanwhile the prisoner slipped the rope,
And hurried down the woody slope.
They laughed and jeered and passed the wine
In spite of fearful threatening sign;
A solemn stillness filled the air,
And tragic scenes were everywhere.

Afar beyond the clump of trees
A sullen cloud by slow degrees,
Ere the waning moon had sunk to rest,
In ghostly forms swept o'er the west;
Then suddenly broke a muttering sound
Through distant hills and shook the ground.

At length the feast and sports were done,
When, lo! they found the prisoner gone.
A moment gazed, a moment stood;
Confusion quickly chilled the blood.

The lowering clouds and lurid light
Enhanced the anguish of the night;
The angry sky was raging then;
Forebodings seized the hearts of men.

The rain and hail like torrents poured;
Around and round the whirlwinds roared;
The sturdy oaks were rent and torn,
Both roots and branch, like stalks of corn;
And lo! the mob, in lifeless form,
Alone lay victims of the storm.
When all was hushed—the shriek and wail—
Not one was left to tell the tale.

NADA.

The wind is blowing from the south;
My thoughts are roaming in the past;
And dreary scenes, like a blighting drought,
And heaving sighs come thick and fast.

In that Southland was Nada born,
In that Southland did Nada live,
With naught to aid, with hopes forlorn,
Deprived of all that wealth can give.

She saw her helpless, bleeding race
Released from galling bondmen's yoke;
She saw them left to make a place,
Still hampered by the fetters broke.

She fain would give her humble life
To help redeem her hapless race;
Would bravely face the cruel strife,
Imbued with zeal and noble grace.

But sign of death came with her birth;
One score and ten her course was run;
Her noble life and stay on earth
Was ended ere her task begun.

She bravely wrote at Christmas-time;
"A merry Christmas, friend," she said;
"But this my last; my days decline"—
Alas! one short month—she was dead.

BEN OSCAR AND I.

Both Ben and I at the dawn of youth,
With nothing save the strength of health,
Inclined to tread the path of truth,
Resolved to find the way to wealth.

From start I lived beyond my means,
With lavish hand my wages spent,
With table fit for kings and queens,
In rich repast my earnings went.

Alas, too late! was forced to taste
The bitter fruit of reckless deed,
For thoughtless acts or wanton waste
Is deeply fraught with crying need.

But Oscar then had quickly learned—
By former pangs of few years past—
To save a part of what he earned,
To break the bands that held him fast.

He, once a slave, a soldier once,
Was once engrossed with state affairs;
Led public life none could denounce,
Though much concerned with anxious cares.

From little earned, a little saved,
Ben Oscar slowly found the way—
So deeply sought, so strongly craved—
A rich reward for long delay;

Although began with empty hand,
Was master then of vast estate,
Had ample means at his command—
His aim attained in spite of Fate.

MY VISION CHANGED.

While yet a youth, a clear, calm morn,
As gray dawn flashed a glow of light
Upon the fields of waving corn,
A distant scene fell on the sight;
Was deeply tinged like fleecy cloud,
All softly wrapped in purple hue,
With blended waves in circles proud
Flung back against the vaulted blue.

It lent a charm, enriched the view,
Fell on the sight like wakening dawn;
My eager gaze it strangely drew,
Like magic wand it led me on;
From morn to night, with quickening tread,
I onward pressed my joyous flight;
From morn to night before me spread
The soothing scenes of my delight.

Intent to press my journey through,
With childish glee I onward sped;
But lo! the change! the airy hue
Ere I had known had slowly fled.
Alas! the pleasing scene had passed,
And nothing left but hoary mount
'Mid murky, cloudy, shadow cast
'Mid broken cliffs and icy fount.

Ah, how like life! From youth to age
Inviting fields before us spread,
Arouse our hopes, our thoughts engage,
Allure us on with hurried tread,
Infuse the breast with flattered gain,
Consume the years of vigorous youth,
In future leave regret and pain,
Ere we have learned the way of truth.

O fairy queen! that leads the youth
Through shady grove and flowery field,
When thou hast brought them face to truth,
Thy mystic sway hast suddenly yield,—
May they not cease their buoyant flight!
Where'er they move, on land or sea,
May cast a glow of mellow light,
And follow truth as they have thee!

And happy they who comprehend
The subtle guise and force of life,
The veering phase of human trend
In trying scenes and endless strife;
Theirs is the sheaf, the golden grain,
The conscious thought of something done,
Of fleeting time spent not in vain,
Of effort made and contest won.

And happy they who choose the way
Along the path where duty lies;
Who neither swerve nor trust betray,
Lend listening ear to humblest cries,
For they who soothe the crying needs,
The sobbing wails of maddened rage,
Have life enshrined in living deeds,
Perpetual youth in spite of age.

TO THE FOUNDER OF WILBERFORCE

I pause amid this busy throng,
My thoughts revert to other days,
And here the groves and chapel song,
The quiet dell, its winding ways,
The crystal fount, enchanting ground,
Call back to me receding sound.

I see the knoll and gentle hill,
I hear the tread of long ago;
I steal along the trickling rill,
Whose struggle in its onward flow
Is something more than eddying whirl,
But tells the tale of toiling world.

Ah, sacred spot! What story told,
What joy and sorrow mixed, what hope,
What anxious moments spent! The old,
The new, the ever-winding scope
Of constant thought and precious deeds
Were oft beset with crying needs.

With nothing but a simple trust,
With burden of a hapless race,
'Mid countless odds and cruel thrust,
The founder chose this goodly place
To build a school for coming youth
In which to seek eternal truth.

With steadfast aims the founders worked
With burning zeal and well-wrought plan;
While others jeered and duty shirked,
They quickly joined the moving van,
With firm resolve to act their part
With manly pride and loving heart.

The world looked on with steady gaze;
 Their way too oft was hedged about;
So oft it lay in hidden maze
 With foes within and foes without;
It oft perplexed and tried the soul,
While pressing onward to the goal.

And they have triumphed over all,
 This splendid seat of learning laid;
These stately fanes and spacious halls,
 The timely start and progress made,
The loyal friends and prestige gained,
Are but a part they have obtained.

O temple built for holy cause!
 May frost of ages fall on thee;
May rich reward and just applause,
 May lasting fortune ever be
The golden sunbeams shed afar,
And Wisdom's ways thy guiding-star.

A STRICKEN CITY.

In the month of June, in Kansas town,
When raging Kaw had done its worst,
That city then—of world renown—
Saw wasted wealth for miles dispersed;

Saw iron structures swept away
Like drifting sand before the wind,
While strong men watched with deep dismay
'Mid ceaseless crash till the ear was dinned.

Then slowly fell the sullen flood,
And slowly rose the mass of wreck;
One lonely bridge had bravely stood
Like weathered ship with well-trimmed deck.

Here boundless wealth and splendor lay,
Was buried deep beneath the sand,
And many dwellings swept away
To place unknown, in distant land.

Ah ! yesterday the busy crowd,
With happy face and hurrying feet,
With little heed to weeping cloud,
Filled every mart and every street.

To-day, behold ! A ghastly sight !
Those splendid works of exquisite taste,
So oft the source of keen delight,
Lay heaped in mountain-pile of waste.

With eyes in tears, with brow down-cast,
As if bereft of one most dear,
The surging throng in silence passed
As mourners pass around the bier.

ONE SCORE TO-DAY.

To-day thine age completes one score,
But infant ways entice me now—
The baby fun, the sports of yore—
Ere womanly grace bedecked thy brow.

The little bird that pleased thee so,
The milkman's horse that caught thine eyes,
The winding streams in murmur low
Did soothe thy pain and hush thy cries.

The sight, I ween, that pleased thee most
Was thy first glimpse of falling snow;
Its ceaseless whirl, like dancing host,
Suffused the air and earth below.

And then at last the snow did cease;
Unsullied yet by hurrying feet
Did softly lay like downy fleece
Upon the field and stony street.

When lo! was changed the pleasing sight,
And, mingled with the dirt and clay,
Turned quickly into dreary plight—
A striking emblem of decay.

And thus too oft is one's fair name—
None wholly finds a safe retreat,
None safely treads the path of fame
Secured from snares beneath the feet.

And now thou standst where the way divides,
Where guile is robed in soft disguise,
And falsehood lurks where truth abides
In every path where duty lies.

When all is fraught with fear and threat,
 When trials come and friends are few,
When sorrow falls and ills beset,
 Renew thy zeal, to trust be true.

MUSIC.

Come, "Little Dot," and play for me
 The song which only thou canst play;
Come, cause these anxious thoughts to flee,
 These cares and endless throbbings stay.

My brain is weary with constant care;
 I fain would drink from Lethe's stream,
Or fly away to regions fair,
 To find sweet sleep without a dream.

Thy nimble hand and gentle touch
 Fly o'er the keys with magic skill;
Thou oft hast wrought in rapture such
 That bade my heaving sighs be still.

Ah! well for this discordant life,
 The jarring sounds, the reeking sword,
The toil, the ceaseless din of strife,
 That music finds the sweet accord.

TO A TEMPLE OF JUSTICE.

Thou art the same, O marble fane,
That fixed my gaze and childish thought;
But little then I knew the pain
Which then and there was daily wrought;
And yet I saw in fettered chain
A gang of slaves pass down that street;
And yet I saw them weep in vain,
As irons clung about their feet.

O temple white, in spite of age,
What bitter pangs hast thou decreed!
What cruel acts of maddened rage
Lie silent now in written deed!
How oft before thy portals white
The trembling slave hast seen her child
Forever snatched from mother's sight
For base designs to be defiled!

O noble fane for Justice built,
Immense, unique, imposing, grand,
Assert thyself in every guilt
That crime may feel thy heavy hand;
Thy watchful eye each movement scan;
Disclose the truth, commend the right,
Redress the wrongs of every man,
Though he be brown, or black, or white.

THE SNOW.

O spotless snow, of virtue cast,
Divinely pure and matchless white,
The charm amid the winter's blast,
The thrilling source of keen delight.

And smoothly now thy mantle spread
O'er gentle hills and boundless plain;
In quiet vale and meadow dead,
Where thou awhile art safe from stain.

I love to see at Christmas-time
Thy downy fleece on leafless tree;
I love to hear the sleigh-bells chime
With voices full of merry glee.

Fall softly, whirling, dancing snow,
Till lofty mount is robed in white;
Light up the dell and valley low
With bright array of pleasing sight.

TO DOT.

My "Little Dot," when thou wert two,
We were apart as we are now;
Wert baby then and thoughts were few,
Wert mother's hope and father's vow.

Thy tender cries were met with love;
Thy little smiles a source of joy;
Thy dark-brown eyes oft flashed above
With looks so soft, so bright and coy.

Thy fragile form and childish freaks,
Thy timid tread and infant scene,
Thy budding thoughts like airy fleaks,
Have ripened into womanly mien.

May wisdom's torch attend thy way,
Dispel the darkness at thy feet;
May naught obstruct nor cause delay,
Till thy attempts with success meet.

May that expression on thy brow,
Those pleasing manners, still engage
The glancing eye as they do now
When thou art thrice thy present age.

SONNET.

The toiling hawk doth scan the shore,
Sail o'er the sea on weary wing;
Oft dipping into deep a score
Of times ere she a fish doth bring;
Then bends her course to hungry young,
And bearing in her talons food,
When lo! from lofty cliffs is sprung
The stronger bird to cheat her brood;
He comes in dire flight, strikes fierce blows;
His victim yields her morsel dear,
Doth pine beneath the bitter throes—
Her nestlings still await her near
Thus have I seen the hapless freed,
For thus the stronger race decreed.

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